against his own interest and against his own nature.

There is one other difference in the quality of a man's and a woman's love, perhaps because to her it is life itself. A man may be vastly taken with a woman's personality, yet put off if he finds she has some one grievous defect, say the love of a drug or drink. But with a woman it is otherwise. She thinks only how she may save. Of her love wrote the wisest of men : " Many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown it."

We have arrived now at Garhi, the half-way house and best dak bungalow upon the route, hanging just above the torrent, for this is the darkest, angriest passage of the Jhelum's gorge, and the mighty mountains beetling above, and the foaming rapids rushing below, and the swirling whirlpool's voice are analo-gous to that mightiest of all forces which makes the world go round.

Those who have experienced it say that certain kind of attraction comes only once

in a lifetime, that best of all good times when the world would be gladly tossed away. Then the mere physical proximity of the object of desire makes the heart beat against its bars like